

Samantha Mill House
Nanticoke, Pennsylvania

HABS No. Pa-24

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Reduced Copies of Measured Drawings

PHOTOGRAPHS
WRITTEN HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE DATA
District No. Pa-2

Historic American Buildings Survey
Thomas H. Atherton, District Officer
139 South Main Street, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania

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SAMANTHA MILL HOUSE
NANTICOKE, PENNSYLVANIA
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Just before the River Road becomes Main Street, Nanticoke and on the east side stands the Mill house which Miss Samantha J. Mill now owns.

In 1802, John Mill, his son, John Jr., and his grandson, Peter came from near Philadelphia to Hanover where they bought broad acres.

Here, early in the nineteenth century, Peter Mill built his house. High above the road its location is superb. From its door the length of the Wyoming Valley, its hills and tilled fields spread before the eye. Below the Susquehanna flows by on its way to the sea.

Town, city and industry may have drawn close to the old house, but they have not disturbed its serenity. Winding paths lead up the hill to its door. They connect the many terraces which make the ascent easy. On them there are, as there always have been, lovely gardens of blooming flowers and shrubs, vegetables and small fruits, against the background of soft lawns. Near the house are huge trees possible survivors of the wilderness.

Like most nineteenth century houses this has the hospitable center hall off which rooms open. In each room is an open fire. From the room on the right, next the fireplace, a door now leads to the tree shaded lawns. Originally it opened on a porch around three sides of the house. The present porch is only across the front. The hand hewn doors show tool marks. The small old brass knobs are on the doors.

The old kitchen is at the end of the hall. In it is the splendid old fireplace where the good food of farm and forest were cooked. They made possible the hard and often dangerous days of the pioneer. One solid, broad, thick stone makes the mantel. In the fire place is the original crane, on it hangs the old brass and copper pots, kettles and pot hooks. It is one of the few fine old kitchens in the valley and it is worthy of museum rank.

With this superb location and its wonderful old kitchen, the Mill House is a treasured and to be treasured survival of days which we are beginning to estimate at their true worth.

Author. *Alfred B.*
Approved,
District Officer. *Thomas H. Atherton*

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SAMANTHA MILL HOUSE
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The house of Miss Samantha Mill is perched high above the main road just on the northeastern edge of Nanticoke. From the highway a winding path leads to the front of the house through a series of terraces and flower beds which provides a lovely foreground for the old white frame house, which is practically the same early American farm house that it was when it was built in by Peter Mill. About it are still a number of the acres which constituted his farm and some of the old trees. Directly in front of the house is an enormous tree and at the side is an American sycamore of great size and age.

From the eminence on which it stands there is still a lovely view, though much less lovely than it was before the discovery of coal and its attendant prosperity.

The house is of the usual plan of the early 19th century--with a hall-way through the center and rooms on each side. From the right side by the fire place a door opens directly out on the lawn shaded with trees. All the rooms have open fireplaces, and the room at the end of the front hall, which was originally the kitchen, has the most wonderful fireplace in this vicinity. It is large, built of stone, and with one great thick stone slab forming the mantel, and in it, hanging from the original iron crane, are all the old pots, kettles, and pot hooks--a truly wonderful collection. There is a thrill of coming unexpectedly upon such a survival of early days in our valley, amidst so modern an environment as Nanticoke.

The door is hand hewn, showing plainly the marks of the tools; the door knobs are small brass ones.

The stair case is cleverly concealed behind panelling in the back part of the front hall.

Author. Francis S. S. S.

Approved,

District Officer

Thomas H. Atchison

THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY
OF PETER MILL HOME, NANTICOCKE, LUZERNE CO., PA.

1810 - 1910

O, walk around our garden old,
In golden glowing, manifold,
In early dawn of rosy morn,
Our lawny green, you will adorn.

On May the twentieth day, and clear,
And nineteen hundred and ten the year,
1s century birthday of Mill-ground,
Here, two descendants still are found.

Ascend our winding path up hill,
Around the terrace, fern, until,
You reach the door, old home so dear,
Beside it, monarch tree is near.

By bed of flowers, beside the urns,
And house, the path of gravel turns,
Around to porch and dining door,
And where the roses blooming, more.

The open fire-place, stone immense,
With hearth and log, for fire intense,
And crane and hooks, and kettle old,
With sweetest thoughts of joys untold.

The library good, the books combined,
For pleasure, and for food for mind,
The Holy Word of peace and rest,
The poets sweet, and novels best.

The honeysuckle, intertwined,
With rambler, side by side are lined,
And roses white, and pink and red,
Or softest tints, select instead.

The apple trees, of many kind,
Old harvest, golden pippin find,
And many other trees abound,
And fruit, the seasons, most around.

The forest primal sycamore,
So picturesque, with olden lore,
The elm, and ferny walnut tree,
With shady nook, for you and me.

Three maples, and one oak combined,
And grew one rounded tree, entwined,
Beneath oft pressed the teeny feet,
Alone remains the memory sweet.

The vegetables in garden placed,
With poppies scattered, interlaced,
Grandmothers old, and dainty pinks,
The fragrance, sweet connecting links.

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Her little johnny-jump-ups, greet,
As softly nodding near our feet,
O, could their lovely faces speak,
Of silence deep, and sacred, sweet.

The boxwood old, no more is seen,
But shrub, and lilac, still are green,
And bitter rue, and celandine,
And comfrey root, and sage, teavine.

Forget-me-nots, of One above,
Divine reminders of His love,
And buttercups, and daisies near
With violets, in garden rear.

The little squirrel, and rabbit brown,
A refuge find, from boy in town,
The toad, sometimes the garter snake,
And busy ants, examples make.

And different birds, at different times,
The number, very many kinds,
From humming bird, and saucy wren,
The owl and hawk, to catch the hen.

The scarlet tanager, is rare,
And little kinglets, badly fare,
The birds of blue, and old bobwhite,
For most, the English sparrows fight.

And ramble round, from Street of Main,
To Street of Green, and Street Mill-Lane,
Across ravine, attractive too,
To College Street, is garden through.

And view the scenic mountain blue,
Or oft, of purple deep, the hue,
Or misty grey, or red and brown,
Or shaded green, surrounds the town.

The sweet, and silent, silvery eve,
It is the beauty hour, believe,
As damper softly falls o'er day,
Amid a radiant light, display.

SAMANTHA J. MILL

Thomas H. Altherton
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